

## The Evening World.

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### MORE OF MR. BRYAN.

**M**R. BRYAN, rolling up his eyes at "Mammon-worshippers," adds to the gaiety of at least one nation. Does he think the country has forgotten the spectacle of a Secretary of State turning himself into a "topiner" on the test circuit in return for a percentage of the gate money?

Mr. Bryan is not to blame for having no sense of humor. But when he viciously assails a carefully weighed policy formulated by the President of the United States in response to a nation-wide demand for action to safeguard its interests and its honor through all possible dangers, Mr. Bryan not only misjudges Americans but sorely tests their patience.

To say that the President's plan for preparedness "reverses our national policy" is nonsense. What national policy can safely ignore revolutionary changes in the rest of the world?

To say that preparedness as outlined by the President "is a menace to our peace" is a slur upon our national development. Have we not as a nation learned self-control? Have we not practiced it before all the world long enough to be trusted with a gun?

To say that the President "challenges the spirit of Christianity" is wilfully to pervert meaning and purpose. What does the nation ask of preparedness beyond the preservation of the spirit and fruits of the Christianity upon which it is founded?

Mr. Bryan's attack is not the utterance of an earnest American endeavoring to unite his country in the face of a grave problem. It is, rather, the instinctive effort of a political malcontent to seize upon an issue that shall spread dissension and if possible split a party. The specious warning to the President against "atmospheres" and influences in Democratic circles is a small but revealing touch.

The country is with the President and preparedness. It is not a bit taken in by the antics of the great Peacemonger.

Gustavus Adolphus, slain on the field of Lutzen Nov. 6, 1632, was once asked whether he had no ambition to be an emperor.

"The devil," was his answer, "is very near at hand to those who are accountable to none but God for their actions."

### SING SING.

**F**IGHTS among Warden Osborne's boys up at Sing Sing figure considerably in the public prints.

Anybody who looks up the records of the prison for the last twenty years, however, will soon convince himself that rows among the convicts were more frequent and serious in the old days. The difference is that just now everything in and about Sing Sing is under the scrutiny of so many lynx-eyed individuals gathering evidence to be used for special purposes that hardly a whisper inside the gloomy old walls escapes somebody's vigilance.

After all Sing Sing is a trying place. Among those detained there are many whose inner feelings are perpetually riled by a sense of injustice that there they should be. Others know they deserve to be where they are, but like the accommodations and the company none the better thereof.

Soreheads thrown together in enforced intimacy are sure to get on one another's nerves. This is true in any state of liberty or bondage, as every family knows. Granted a certain temperamental harshness in most sojourners at Sing Sing, is it any wonder they settle their spots with scissor blades or coffee mugs when such aids are handy?

It is unfair to ask too much of any person merely because he is in jail. It is also unfair to blame a Warden because his methods fail to make over men in a jiffy. Some men who go to jail can never be made over at all. But it is not necessary to run the jail as if there were no others.

Sing Sing will, in the nature of things, never become a centre of harmony and brotherly love. But month by month it can be made a better place to receive those sent to it and itself make better men of almost all before they leave it. That, we believe, is what, mistakes or no mistakes, is being accomplished under the present Warden.

Wince is the name of a Brooklyn chirpologist. Goes well with corns!

### Hits From Sharp Wits.

A man often brings in a verdict against himself, but he suspends judgment on payment of the costs.—Wilmington Star.

Reverting to things to eat, the poor old human stomach is on the defensive most of the time.—Toledo Blade.

Speaking of the flight of time, we saw a woman with an ankle watch running to catch a street car.

It may sound paradoxical, but the apple of a man's eye is usually a peach.—Columbia State.

If you have to job a lad for wearing a wrist watch, always pick out one smaller than you are.—Columbia State.

A woman's idea seems to be that gambling is dishonest if a man loses in poker the money she intended to spend on bridge prizes.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Letters From the People

**Hints for Self Betterment.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read a letter asking if the writer had any opportunity of raising himself from "a \$6 bookkeeper position." I answer: "No, if you feel in the spirit in which the letter was written." That spirit seems to be: "I am receiving \$6 per week. I don't care to look around for better wages. If my employer increases my salary I am worth it; otherwise, if it remains at \$6 I may as well give up trying for more." I was earning \$2 per week in 1905. I am earning \$30 a week now. But in the evening I work (gratis, at present) on another job.

Why am I doing this? Because I think I can earn more when I get older. I am now twenty-three years old. Think this evening how you can better yourself during your spare hours or while at work and you will probably soon receive over \$6 per week. I might quote in closing: "A dreamer lives forever, while a toiler, without thinking, dies when his work is done." C. W. P.

87,273 by Census of 1910.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
How many blind persons are there in the United States? Can you give me any idea?  
HENRY E.

## Men Who Fail

By J. H. Cassel



"I'll charge that loss to my expense account."

## So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

**T**HE man who goes to the circus only to "take the children" is the same one who, though he himself considers the comic supplement foolish, has to take the paper that prints it "to satisfy the young uns."

We move to expunge the fool English word "Kiddies."

Some women would be at a terrible loss for something to talk about if they couldn't exclaim horrifiedly about the way their husbands kick holes through their socks.

What's become of the girl who used to take a teeny-weeny naughty-naughty sip of champagne and then say, giggling: "Sakes alive! It tastes like your foot's asleep, doesn't it?"

You've heard this kind of a self-kidder: "Nope, I haven't taken a drink of whiskey in three years and two months. Of course, I take a Mirtiny cocktail before dinner occasionally, and I have my beer, but..."

Not long ago, in a little back town in Pennsylvania, we came upon a barber shop that had a copy of the Police Gazette, and gosh! how the sight of it did waft us back to the olden-golden days of John L. and Jake Kilrain and Oates and the James boys and Pauline Markham and the rest of those glorious folks!

The blonde, we understand, is "coming back," but nobody seems to know whether she's going to be "dizzy," as previously.

Fall Styles in Fairy Tales: "Are there any noisy children above or alongside or underneath this apartment we're looking at?" we asked the renting agent. "Fodder," he promptly replied, "that's the one drawback. There's a child across overhead that's taking dancing lessons, three children in the apartment on the right that practice the piano all day, and in the apartment below there is a howling ruffian of a boy who will one day go to State's prison for life."

Maybe somebody can explain why it is that the rotten peanut of the mess is always the very last one in

### November.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.  
OID of coquettish art,  
Brown garb'd and sober,  
She of the thankful heart  
Follows October.

Slow pacing on her way,  
Bringing her train  
Of storm laden skies and gray  
Dark days of rain.

Cold winds of fitful mood,  
Grass brown and sere,  
Red berries in the wood—  
November's here!

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

**A**FTER dinner the visiting bride, Mrs. Maude Hoker, nee Hickett, and Mrs. Jarr permitted their husbands to smoke in the front room—a great liberty for Mr. Jarr, while the ladies remained in the dining room to clear away the supper things, it being Gertrude's, the Jarrs' light running domestic, evening out.

By these means, under the guise of instruction in domestic science, Mrs. Jarr got a helping hand with the dishes. As for Mr. Jarr, the evening proved an intellectual or social treat for him. Mr. Claude Hoker leaned against the radiator and sighed. He refused the cigar Mr. Jarr tendered him and sighed again.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Got a headache?"

"Worse than that," was the reply. "I have been a traitor."

"Well, that will do you no harm in this country," remarked Mr. Jarr. "That 'shot at sunrise' stuff doesn't go here. We are a peace loving nation. We do not raise our boy to be a

"You can tell me your troubles," added Mr. Jarr after another gloomy silence on the part of his vis-a-vis. "If you've committed a murder I know very well there's no reward offered, and if you're in financial straits you can do me no harm, for I am an immune from a monetary standpoint."

"It isn't money, and it isn't murder," groaned the bridegroom. "It is treason, base treachery, I tell you!"

"All right, tell me," said Mr. Jarr. "You would betray me," replied the guilty wretch.

"It isn't bigamy or anything of that sort, is it?" asked Mr. Jarr.

Young Mr. Hoker gave a hollow laugh that turned into an even hollower groan. "It's worse than bigamy," he groaned, "and I'm afraid it will be found out."

"It won't be found out if you are not a big simp and tell on yourself," said Mr. Jarr. "What was it?"

"My treason rankles in my breast," moaned the unhappy person.

"Let it rankle," Mr. Jarr advised. "That's better than having it rankle in other people's breasts. Take my advice and never snitch on yourself. Don't trust your dearest friend. So long as nobody else knows you won't get in any trouble. But if you can't keep your own guilty secrets how can you expect others to keep them for you? Only a boob betrays himself. What's on your mind?"

"Can I trust you?" whispered young Mr. Hoker.

"Sure!" said Mr. Jarr, "but mind

## The Woman of It

By Helen Rowland

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She Gives "Seven Sauces for the Gander."

**G**REAT Scott!" exclaimed the Bachelor, as the Widow bowed with her sweetface to a passing youth, who raised his hat to her with dog-like humility and winced visibly under the snarl, "what on earth has he done, to be made to suffer so?"

"He knows!" returned the Widow, compressing her lips into crumpled rose-leaves. "He is merely receiving the proper 'Sauce for the Gander'—that is all, Mr. Weatherby."

"Ugh!" grinned the Bachelor. "It seemed to me more like frozen custard or peach frappe than like sauce!"

"That's just what it was!" gurgled the Widow. "Sauce frappe! There are seven sauces for the Gander, you know, and a wise woman's work is life consists in knowing their recipes, and when and how to serve them."

"No—I didn't know," answered the Bachelor meekly. "But, now that I think of it, I've had a few rare 'dressings' from you myself."

"And you always merited them!" agreed the Widow with a smile of reminiscence. "There would be no sex problem in this world," she went on, "if every woman only knew how and when to serve a man with the right sauce—when to freeze him with mayonnaise frappe, when to soothe and soften him with olive oil, when to tone him down with vinegar, when to stir him up with spice and paprika, when to stimulate him with sauce du diable, when to cover him with melted sugar and honey and when to serve him au naturel!"

### A Few Horrible Recipes.

"WHEE-EW!" whistled the Bachelor softly. "I've read something about 'How to Cook Husbands,'" he sighed, "but I never heard of a menu like that!"

"It's my own special diet," Mr. Weatherby, explained the Widow. "The French, you know, insist that the cooking of the sauce is all in the sauce. A really good chef can make a tender and irresistible dish out of an old rubber shoe with the aid of a little butter and a few spices. And a clever woman can make a tender and devoted husband out of the toughest-hearted man, if she has the talent for mixing and administering the proper 'dressing' for his moods."

"But," protested the Bachelor, "it would keep her pretty busy changing the recipe, I fancy."

"Just dressing one man," agreed the Widow, promptly. "Is the work of a lifetime. But anything worth doing, is worth doing well. Mr. Weatherby, even making a 'husband' out of a mere man. For instance," she continued, waiting enthusiastically, as she grew technical, "when one first meets a man, there are two especially effective sauces, with which one may safely serve him—sugar sauce and sauce indifference. So many girls make the fatal mistake of starting right out with sauce piquante or sauce frappe, and spoil the whole thing with too much spice or too much ice."

"Indeed!" murmured the Bachelor admiringly. "But which—sauce do you begin with?"

"Oh, it depends on the specimen," reflected the Widow, chewing the stem of a rose thoughtfully. "The sugar sauce—composed of smiles and flattery—if not TOO sweet—is more apt to make him tender and responsive; but the sauce indifference is better calculated to stimulate his vanity and stir up his latent obstinacy. The two can sometimes be cleverly mixed, however, and then you get the very best effect."

"Really?" drawled the Bachelor. "How do you do it?"

"Oh, you smile on him ravenously and admiringly one minute," explained the Widow, "and pretend not to hear him when he talks to you the next minute. You throw him a kiss at parting and pretend to have forgotten his name at the next meeting. It's a DELECTABLE recipe, Mr. Weatherby, and has been a prime favorite with most of the sirens and man-tamers for centuries."

### A Paprika Diet for Husbands

"HUM!" grunted the Bachelor. "I know that method, but I should call it 'sauce du diable!'"

"Oh, no!" answered the Widow smilingly. "Sauce du diable is very different—and only fit for very young men and callow boys in search of a thrill. Sauce du diable consists in wearing long earrings, smoking a cigarette and pretending to be cynical about love. A touch of it is sometimes good for a husband, when he has begun to grow bored and blasé; but it should be administered very carefully and delicately, or it may make him hard and bitter. Sauce paprika is safer for him."

"Sauce paprika!" repeated the Bachelor. "That sounds interesting. Do I ever get any of that?"

"Sauce paprika," explained the Widow, ignoring the question, "is good for a man who has begun to look upon a woman as a foot-stool and a sofa pillow, and upon himself as a combination of Adonis, Solomon and Kaiser Wilhelm. I used to believe that a perpetual smile was a woman's one best bet, but I have observed that the woman who burlesques an occasional tantrum, and shows a passion or a handkerchief to titillate brings a man down to his proper place and inspires him with a wholesome respect for her wishes. It is quite different from continual nagging, of course; but after you have been covering a man with oil and sugar for three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, he NEEDS a little paprika of temper to stimulate him on the three hundred and sixty-fifth."

"Ah, I see," murmured the Bachelor. "The poor reester never knows what's coming to him. Why, I don't even know what sauce he needs!"

"Oh, you!" exclaimed the Widow, patting his cuff. "You are quite tender and sweet enough to be served au naturel—most of the time."

## Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

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**A System Which Helps the Real Estate Man Make Sales.**

**VERY serious item of loss** which confronts the real estate man, said one operator recently, "is the effort made by many purchasers to cheat the broker out of his legitimate commission."

"A favorite method of gentry of this ilk is to have a representative inspect a property, learn all the details and report to his principal. Thereupon the latter approaches the owner and offers him the list figures minus the agent's commission."

"As a measure of protection against this sort of thing, I have devised a simple card system. Each property listed has its numbered card. Each customer or prospective customer has his numbered card."

"Then if a sale is made later independent of our agency, I can promptly discover to whom we have shown the property since it was listed with us. Time and again this has disclosed a clue indicating crooked work."

"For instance: Last week a house listed with us was sold to a man named Benson. His address, I learned, was No. 43 Fremont Drive. I looked up my records and by consulting the City Directory ascertained that a man named Calkins living at No. 41 Fremont Drive had been taken out

by one of my men to inspect the property some weeks previous. A coincidence. Further corroborative evidence supplied me with grounds for suit. But a mere threat was sufficient. I got my commission promptly."

"These records are valuable in many other connections. In case an owner becomes impatient and inquires as to what efforts are being made to effect a sale I can turn to my cards and give him the name and address of every prospect who has inspected the property."

"I find by perusing my cards that a property has been rejected by a great many prospects, that is a signal that something is radically wrong and that we had best waste no further time on it unless we can readjust the basis of its sale. Often it develops that the price is too high. When confronted with documentary evidence as to the number of prospects who have turned down the proposition, the owner is willing to revise his original figure."

"My records also warn against the people who waste a realty man's time in joy rides. There are many such; people who have no intention of buying, but who enjoy an auto ride as a class are inclined to be far from methodical. But system pays in this business just as much as in a mercantile line."

## Jungle Tales for Children

**W**HAT are you doing?" asked Mrs. Elephant of her husband one afternoon.

"I slipped and fell on a banana skin," replied the big fellow.

"What has that got to do with your slipping a hole?" asked his good wife.

"I was planting a banana seed and the seed of a rubber plant so that I

you, I'm not curious. I don't want to know what you have done. I mind my own business and I am not inquisitive about what other folks do. Out with it!"

"You'd never believe it of me," moaned the penit. "Nobody would believe it of me. Oh, dare I tell you? I must confess!"

"Don't tell me, if you think you'll regret it," remarked Mr. Jarr. "As I told you, I have no curiosity. But

might have a banana tree that would have bananas on it and skins that wouldn't slip."

"Wouldn't the bananas taste of rubber?" asked Mrs. Elephant.

"As the mister Elephant began to tear up the ground, He stopped suddenly and said:

"I hadn't thought how India rubber trees would taste. What a wise wife you are."

off your chest.

"Listen!" whispered the unhappy Hoker. "I promised Maude upon our wedding day I would vote for female suffrage. But I voted against it!"

"Hush! Not so loud!" cautioned Mr. Jarr. "There are only about half a million of us who did the same thing this election. And what would happen us if it were known who the guilty wretches were? Hapsah!"